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Prologue

Feathershine is carrying a briefcase between her teeth as she pads up to the front door of "Finchfeather Counseling and Co".

Feathershine: Ugh, great. *starts pawing through her pockets.* Finchfeather is late again... well, later than I am. I was named after her for a reason.

The she-cat finally manages to pull the keys out of the bottom of her pocket and unlocks the door, sliding into the dark building.

Feathershine: It's cold in here. *shivers slightly as she flicks on a light switch.*

Behind her, a brown-furred she-cat rushes in, panting and carrying a hot cup of coffee. She sets the coffee on the front desk and whirls around on her paws.

Nettlebounce: FEATHERSHINE! You have *got* to turn on your phone!

Feathershine: I was going to! At... some... point in time.

Nettlebounce: *sighs softly.* Your aunt is dead.

Feathershine pauses, looking more stricken with surprise rather than grief. She quickly shakes her head, staring at the front-desk cat, who is booting up her computer and sipping her coffee.

Feathershine: Oh...

Nettlebounce: That's the expression I was expecting from you... anyways, we have a plethora of things to deal with, so you better get to your office.

Feathershine: *mutters to herself.* Fine, fine... but can you have Petalbounce bring me some tea? His pizza place recently expanded into the breakfast, as I've heard.

Nettlebounce: That announcement came out this morning... how would you know that and not know that your aunt is dead?

Feathershine: Uh, obviously because I read the paper. Don't judge.

Nettlebounce: Okay then.

Feathershine pads away from her, eyes wide as she turns down a hallway toward the offices. She pads into a small room and flicks the light switch.

Feathershine: *mutters to herself* My first order of business is to name the company.

In a daze of thought, she stares blankly at the wall of her office, zoning out onto a small plaque reading "Finchfeather Counseling and Co".

Feathershine: *leaps up.* I GOT IT! We'll go with "Feathershine Counseling and Co." *presses a small buzzer on the wall.* We've got a name, Nettlebounce.

Nettlebounce: Oh for StarClan's sake, I can hear your voice from down the hall! Just come to the front desk if you need to talk.

Feathershine sighs dramatically and lets go of the buzzer. She reluctantly trots to the front of the building.

Feathershine: I came up with a name - Feathershine Counseling and Co.

The front door jingles, and a black-and-ginger tortoiseshell pads in, accompanied by a frail ginger tom.

Mottledleaf: That's very creative of you. *rolls her eyes.*

Nettlebounce: Hi Mottledleaf... and hello Fireheart.

Fireheart: *blabbers.* ...hi Graystripe! Do you want to hunt with me? That's great! Let's go get some squirrels near the ShadowClan border. I love hunting with you!

Mottedleaf: *laughs slightly.* Ignore him, we're out of his meds

and I have to pick up another bottle tonight... *if* our new company owner is going to be the one to deliver our late paychecks. *glares carefully at Feathershine.*

Feathershine: *mutters.* Yeah, yeah, I'll get to it...

The door jingles, and in pads a brown-furred tom.

Petalpounce: *grumbles.* Here's your coffee, Feathershine.

Feathershine: *takes it.* Thank you, Petalpounce!

Fireheart: *turns to the tom.* Wow, you are very pretty, Whitewing!

Petalpounce: *growls and looks at Mottledleaf.* Your stupid grandpa better shut up before I cut off his whiskers and make the rest of him into meat for the pepperoni pizza you're going to order at approximately 11:47 AM.

Mottledleaf: Let's go get the mop out, Fireheart. *carefully leads him away from the angered tom and down the hallway.*

Feathershine: I have to get back to my work... but you guys better perform well. I'm your new boss.

Welcome to the very first chapter of "A Counseling Catasphore", brought to you by Rio! I hope you enjoyed :) 🌩🌩

Chapter One

Feathershine walks up to the doorstep of Fethershine Counseling and Co., only to see Fireheart flirting with Sandstone and Mottledleaf brushing her fur while sitting behind the counter.

Feathershine: Good morning everyone!

Fireheart: You're not a ThunderClan cat!

Feathershine: *noops Fireheart's nose.* You are correct! Alright everyone, today is our first day in our new business, so let's make it a great one! Now go to your stations before we open!

Feathershine bustles off to her office, while Mottledleaf heads to the janitor's closet. Sandstone, flustered, follows Feathershine, and Nettlebounce sits at the desk. Fireheart examines the squid tank in the corner, exclaiming something about RiverClan's poisoned fish.

Feathershine: *presses the little buzzer on her wall that calls Nettlebounce.*And we open in 3... 2...

Nettlebounce: *preps herself to open the doors.*

Before the doors open, a she-cat runs into the store with a snake around her neck, running over Nettlebounce.

Feathershine: A snake? Do you two need Couples Counseling?

Random Cat: Not Couples Counseling... just regular counseling. And it's a *snek*, not a snake. *huffs angrily.*

Featheshine: Okay then... How can I help you?

Mousetail: Well, I'm Mousetail and this is my snek, George. I think I have an unhealthy obsession with his Snoot and possibly his nom seeker.

Feathershine looks rather puzzled, but she pulls a few pieces of paper out

of her desk and hands them to Mousetail.

Feathershine: Well then, have this Swedish bus schedule and a wine voucher!

Mousetail: *sighs as if she's disappointed.* Do you know *anything* about sneks?

Feathershine: Um, no...

Mousetail: Here, look at this chart.

[image]

Mousetail: Isn't that helpful?

Feathershine: Very.

Mottledleaf: *opens the door and pokes her head in.* Maybe you two could get married... then it would be okay to be obsessed over him!

Fireheart: *calls from down the hall.* I can swim!

Feathershine: *sighs.* Shoo now, Mottledleaf, and go help your grandpa!

Mottledleaf: Fineeeeee *trudges out, mop trailing behind her.*

Mousetail: *is musing over Mottedleaf's words.* Hmm, maybe your janitor is right.

Feathershine: NO! SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT COUNSELING! ONLY I DO!

George, the snek, falls to the ground and scurries off, Mousetail scampering behind him. Sandstone is hurriedly taking notes in the corner of the office. Refreshed, Feathershine leans back in her chair to take a nap.

Written by Blue, finished/edited by Rio.

Chapter Two

Feathershine strolls into the workplace, where Pettlepounce is clawing the ears off a handsome young tom.

Pettlepounce: I AM NOT A SHE-CAT YOU MANGEY TOM!

Tallsnail: Why should gender matter?

Pettlepounce: Ugh. Feathershine, thank god you're here, this tom is mad as a March hare.

Feathershine: What seems to be the problem, Tallsnail?

Tallsnail: Well, I've fallen in love with this guy, called Drake, but I'm worried he won't return my affections.

Feathershine: Kidnap him.

Tallsnail: What?!?

Feathershine: Kidnap him and force him to love you.

Tallsnail: How is that helpful?!

Fireheart: Ah, my old friend.

Tallsnail: Get away, you creep! I've never met you before in my life!

Mottledleaf: Oh, I'm sorry about that ignore him.

Feathershine: How many times do I have to tell you, it's not being your grandfather to work day!

Mottledleaf: Sigh. Anyway, about your problem, just go ahead and ask him. A handsome tom like you, he's worthy of your affection! And if he turns you down, then he's a fool.

Tallsnail: Wow, thank you miss -er- Janitor! You've been really helpful, not like this buffoon.

Feathershine: I AM NOT A BUFFOON! DO NOT LISTEN TO MOTTLEDLEAF!

But Tallsnail has already left leaving Feathersine alone and sad.

Olivia who is feeling very sick and asks you to excuse the bad story.

Chapter Three

Feathershine struts bossily into the office, her tail swishing behind her. Petalpounce looks up from his coffee and Nettlebounce is writing furiously on a notepad, no doubt thinking of ways to tease her brother.

Feathershine: Good morning, amigos! Nettlebounce do we have our first customer yet???????

Nettlebounce: *looks up* Customer? Do you mean patient?

Feathershine: Tomato tomatoe.

Nettlebounce: No, not tomato tomatoe! Someone who buys something and someone who comes in and gets help!

Petalpounce: She clearly doesn't know the difference. *watches Feathershine bustle around and knock stuff over* You can tell.

Mottledleaf: *pads in, ears flicking in annoyance* Someone threw up in 14A, where are the mops? They aren't in my closet!

Fireheart: *sways drunkenly behind her* Graystripe and I took 'em and destroyed Tigerstar with 'em!

Mottledleaf: Of course you did, Grandpa. Let's go find them. *sighs heavily and leads Fireheart into the corridor*

Nettlebounce: *calls after her* You forgot, it's Friday!

Mottledleaf: *rolls eyes* Every day is bring grandpa to work day! Shut up!

Petalpounce: That joke is getting old, idiot. Use new ones.

Nettlebounce: Okay, Mrs. Petalpounce. *skips away and disappears*

Feathershine: *before Petalpounce can explode* CALM DOWN

THERE'S SOMEONE COMING

Doorbell: *rings*

Feathershine: *smooths her fur* Do I look okay ohmystarclan he's so handsome

Petalpounce gets up and opens the door to reveal a nice-looking gray tabby tom. The tom coughs politely and steps in.

Tom: Is this the ...clinic therapist thingy?

Feathershine: *girly giggle* Mmhmm ;)

Tom: Er, okay? I'm Grayfur, my appointment was at 10:00?

Petalpounce: Right on time. I'm Petalpounce. Feathershine'll see you in a minute. I'll show you to her office as she gets her stuff.

Grayfur: Petalpounce? *chuckles* Isn't that a she-cat name?

Petalpounce: *struggles not to explode* Come on

Grayfur: If ya say so, Petal-darling. *follows*

Petalpounce: *explodes, raining guts everywhere*

Feathershine: He'll be fine. Let's go! *winks flirtatiously*

They reach the room, and Feathershine closes the door softly behind Grayfur.

Grayfur: Um, so.. *sits down* I have a lot of problems. *deep breath* Recently I've been struggling with--

Feathershine: *dreamily* Not having a girlfriend? Man, I've had that problem too! I mean, not with not having a girlfriend but with not having a boyfriend. I really want someone in my life--

Grayfur: No, I was about to say--

Feathershine: --that you wanna be my boyfriend!!! Great!!! Is Wednesday free for you?

Grayfur: NO! Creep! I have a girlfriend! This isn't helping! Goodbye!

He storms out the door, leaving a flustered Feathershine. Nettlebounce looks up from her sudoku as he goes, snorting.

Feathershine: YOU FORGOT TO PAY! GET BACK HERE! ALSO IF WEDNESDAY ISN'T GOOD HOW ABOUT THURSDAY? I CAN DO THURSDAY.....

by leopard/

Chapter Four

Nettlebounce: *taps loudly on her computer, clearly in the middle of important business*

A client wanders in, a ginger tabby dressed in pounds of make-up and a very skimpy hot-pink skirt. They seem to be incredibly pretty, with beautiful blue eyes

Nettlebounce: *looks up, unamused* Can I help you? Name?

Client: Slashscar

Nettlebounce: *surprised* Oh, uh, right, Slashscar, you're put down as a she-cat here, but your voice is deeper than my psychological issues

Slashscar: *coughs* that's what I'm here for

Nettlebounce: Right... *checks him in* Feathershine will see you shortly

Fireheart: *looks to Slashscar* IS THAT YOU... TIGERSTAR

Slashscar: ...

Fireheart: YOU LOOK FABULOUS, FABULOUS ENOUGH TO KILL FOR YOUR SINS AGAINST THUNDERCLAN

Feathershine: *opens door blindly* Slashscar- OH FOR STARCLAN'S SAKE FIREHEART

Slashscar: Who's Tigerstar?

Feathershine: I do apologise ma'am, take a seat in the office

Slashscar: Thank you

Feathershine: *heavily confused* what's with the voice?

Fireheart: IT'S TIGERSTAR IN DISGUISE

Feathershine: *throws Fireheart in a box* don't worry about him, he's a little nutty

Slashscar: I figured

Feathershine: What can I do for you?

Slashscar: Well, all my life I've wanted to be a she-cat, but my body is so masculine that I could never pass as one, despite my eyes and fur. I dress up as the most feminine of she-cat's in public, but somehow my voice gives it away

Feathershine: No, I never would've imagined a voice lower than my self-esteem could belong to a male

Slashscar: I want to be able to live my life as a she-cat, who I truly am! I want a tom as a mate, I want to be treated like a she-cat, but I don't know where to start!

Feathershine: Change your identity, fly to Australia, order seventy tonnes of helium

Slashscar: Huh?

Mottledleaf: *comes in with bucket* sorry, I've got floor cleaning

Feathershine: I'm in the middle of providing amazing advice!

Mottledleaf: What seems to be the problem?

Slashscar: I want to be a she-cat, but I don't know where to start!

Mottledleaf: Well, make sure your closest friends and family know that you want to be referred to as a she-cat, explain that this is what you've always wanted, and if they love you, they'll always be supportive

Feathershine: cAN YOU NOT

Slashscar: What about finding a mate?

Mottledleaf: I'm sure you have toms swooning over you with the way you look, and if you like any of them, make sure you explain to them your situation, and if they accept you, there's nothing stopping you from forming a relationship

Feathershine: dO YOU MIND

Slashscar: Thanks, you made everything better :)

Petalpounce: Pizza!

Feathershine: Oh thank StarClan MOTTLEDLEAF SHOW HIM IN

Enter Petalpounce. He observes the scene and takes one look at Slashscar, and his breath is taken away. He stands awkwardly holding boxes of pizza as his heart pounds

Feathershine: Thanks, you can go now

Petalpounce: S-Sure, s-see you

Slashscar: :)

Petalpounce: *heart explodes*

~Hazel was here~

Chapter Five

Feathershine is holding a board meeting, with all the employees....the pitifully small number of employees.....gathered around a cardboard box in the basement. She clears her throat to speak and all the cats glance up except for Sandstone, of course, who is redoing her claw polish for the eighteenth time.

Feathershine: As you all know, since I *amnotacreepyweirdoandmayormaynotbescaringawaycustomers* haven't been counseling due to some unknown reason whichisABSOLUTELYNOTbecauseIthinkallhottomsshouldbemymate;) SANDSTONE PAY ATTENTION *coughs* we're going to have to make....

cue dramatic music

Mottledleaf: *rolls eyes and reaches over, switching on a stereo player*

DRAMATIC MUSIC ENSUING THREE TWO ONE

ba dum tss

Feathershine: BUDGET CUTS. *sweeps out dramatically* THANK YOU ALL YES YES YEP I'M HERE ALL NIGHT FOLKS

Nettlebounce: *raises paw*

Mottledleaf: she left idiot

Petalpounce: So basically we're going to be paid less for coming here and listening to Feathershine screech over Five Heartbeats of Greenleaf and oogling all the hot toms.

Sandstone: *was actually listening* sounds lit i'm out

Fireheart: Sandstorm my sweet precious *drools* Graystripe where are you? I need to....rescue.... *falls over*

Sandstone: *leaves, also dramatically* *because no one can exit nondramatically here* *it's a spoof what did you expect*

Mottledleaf sighs and drapes Fireheart over her back, dragging him out. Petalpounce and Nettlebounce snicker about something, and call out in unison.

THE TWO LOCAL IDIOTS: HAY MOTTLEDLEAF

Mottledleaf: HAY IS FOR HORSES

THE TWO LOCAL IDIOTS: IT'S NOT

dramatic (what did you expect, I don't have creativity) pause

BRING

more dramatic pause yes thanks

GRANDPA

almost typed grandma there whoops

TO

getting off track here lol

WORK

uh I have nothing to say

DAYYYYY!!!!!!

Mottledleaf: *moans and leaves (dramatically)*

this comes to a short and hurried end by leopard (:

(dramatically)

Chapter Six

Feathershine is sitting in her office chair, casually spinning in a circle as she stares at the wall in front of her. With no one needing her counseling, she's exhaustedly bored.

Feathershine: *presses the buzzer on the wall.* Hiya Nettlebounce.

Nettlebounce: *in a dry, tired voice.* Hi Feathershine. Is there anything that you want, or are you just bored again?

Feathershine: Hurtful :c

Nettlebounce: Well, you've called me five times in the last hour, and our conversation has pretty much been the same every time. Are you sure you don't want me to order you anything from the pizzeria?

Feathershine: Nah, your brother is still mad at me... didn't I tell you that already?

Nettlebounce: *shrugs.* Did you?

Feathershine: Well, I'm going to go for a walk. There's nothing to do around here! *she lets go of the buzzer.*

The she-cat gets up, eyes gleaming as she swaggers out the doorway and down the hallway. Nettlebounce doesn't look up from her computer.

Feathershine: Hiya Mottledleaf.

Mottledleaf: *glances upward.* Hi...

Fireheart: *flounces toward Feathershine.* HI BLACKSTAR! Why are you trespassing on my land? Do you want to fight? Get back on your side of the border. Warriors, attack! *he starts slowly pawing the air in front of him.* Press onward, ThunderClan.

Feathershine: ...

Mottledleaf: He would quit this if you actually gave me a paycheck so I could buy his pills! *leans on the top of her mop.*

Feathershine: Well today's not "Bring Your Grandpa To Work Day", is it?

Mottledleaf rolls her eyes and goes back to working.

Feathershine: I wonder if Petalpounce will walk with me. *pushes through the office doors and out into the street.*

Feathershine narrowly dodges a few cars as she pads up to the pizza place, humming to herself. She enters.

Petalpounce: *bored tone.* Why are you here?

Feathershine: Want to go for a walk? *squints closer at Petalpounce.* Uh, what's that on your nametag..?

Petalpounce: NOT FLOWERS, OKAY?!?!? *angrily tears off his uniform.* NOW LET'S WALK!

Petalpounce's Boss: *from behind the counter.* Uh, you're supposed to be working? *mutters.* That she-cat is crazy.

Petalpounce: *grabs a can of pizza sauce and throws it at his boss.* You won't fire me because I know the trade secret, so I can do what I want!

Petalpounce and Feathershine pad out of the pizza palace and start heading down the sidewalk.

Feathershine: So what's been bothering you lately, Petalpounce?

Petalpounce: *huffs.* I'm not going to let you test therapy methods on me -__- And you know what it is! Everyone thinks I'm a she-cat.

Feathershine: I have a solution... why don't you just *become* a she-cat?

Petalpounce: ...

Feathershine: *grins.*

Petalpounce: *throws her into the center of the road.*

By an overtired Rio. 🌦

Chapter Seven

As Fireheart nags on about his 'adventures' as Firestar Feathershine is happily waiting for her next customer.

Doorbell: *ding*

Feathershine: LOVELY! MY NEXT CUSTOMER!

Dusky: *walks in*

Rio: WIFEY! You're not supposed to be breaking the fourth wall!

Dusky: But I HAVE to break the fourth wall! It's a spoof!

All Other Cats: Wha...?

Rio: Fine, just come here to learn how not to murder your spoof chapters T_T

Feathershine: Okay... FOLLOW ME :D *Walks into a therapy room with chains and many sharp objects laid across a desk*

Dusky: *Follows in* Ya know what... I'm gonna go.....

Rio: BAD WRITING SLAVE GO IN THERE!

Dusky: Fine, fine whatever.

Feathershine: Now! Lay on the table

Mottledleaf: OKAY! Now let's take a step back and think Feathershine.

Feathershine: BAD JANITOR SLAVE!

Mottledleaf: Dusky, just don't kill the fourth wall, easy as that.

Dusky: Fine, fine, whatever.

Feathershine: DON'T LISTEN TO HER D;

Dusky: I'm gonna go back to writing now. BYE *teleports away*

Feathershine: I'M GONNA MURDER YOU MOTTLEDLEAF!

Doorbell: *Ding dong*

Mottledleaf: Hey, pizza is here!

Feathershine: LET'S GO EAT ;D

Mottledleaf: That cat has problems.

This is Dusky signing off.

Chapter Eight

The bell dinged as a she-cat slipped in, a shy expression on her face. She glanced furtively around, and was about to reach into the bowl of lollipops on the front desk when Petalpounce popped up in front of her.

Petalpounce: Hi! How may I help you? Do you have an appointment? No lollipops until after.

Cat: Um.....I'm Tangledflight, and I have an appointment with Mottledleaf? We're discussing some things about the new....business....that I'm starting and she told me to come here.

Petalpounce: *frowns* Mottledleaf is the janitor.

Nettlebounce: *dashes in* HIIIIIIIIIIIIIII SISTER! WE HAVE A CASE RED BLUE GOLD FISH IN THE SIDE HEART MIDDLE SMALL BOWL!

Tangledflight: ...

Petalpounce: Really sorry Tangledflight please hold for a minute *leans over and whispers* *IS THIS THE NEW CODE THAT FEATHERSHINE INVENTED*

Nettlebounce: *whispers back* *YES*

Petalpounce: *CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED IN NORMAL SPEECH SINCE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF THAT*

Tangledflight: *nonchalantly begins strolling away with lollipops in paw*

Nettlebounce: *WHAT NO FEATHERSHINE DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED JUST COME WITH ME SISTER DEAR* *grabs Petalpounce's paw*

Petalpounce: *promptly bites Nettlebounce's paw* Brother. *follows the overexcited she-cat down a hallway*

Tangledflight slips down a hallway into the dementia patients ward, finding Mottledleaf mopping up some spilled.....unknown substance.

Mottledleaf: TANGLEDFLIGHT! *drops voice* We mustn't wake Grandpa up, he just got to sleep and if I wake him up one more time, we'll have to sedate him.

Tangledflight: K. Now what is this cover job like? I had to get past these two idiots who said that Feathershine had a code blue red gold fish or something.

Mottledleaf: OH MY STARCLAN I HAVE TO GO THAT'S NOT GOOD SORRY TANGLEDFLIGHT YOU CAN COME IF YOU WANT DON'T WAKE UP GRANDPA *sprints off and disappears*

Fireheart: *from inside the ward* wha...wha's happening...RAVENPAW IS THAT YOU

Tangledflight: *confused*

Mottledleaf dashes around a corner and finds the police dragging a pawcuffed Feathershine into the back of a police cruiser. Nettlebounce and Petalpounce stand by the front desk, mirrored expressions of innocence plastered on their faces.

Mottledleaf: wHAT HAPPENED

Petalpounce: Feathershine's getting arrested.

Nettlebounce: SHE NOTICED IDIOT. *to Mottledleaf* She's getting arrested for .....something to do with trading rosemary, not sure what that's all about

Feathershine: *muffled* I didn't! It's all their fault-- *breaks off as stuffed into the car*

Mottledleaf: ooooooooooooooh kay.

Police Officer: She's being held for 20 moons, bail is a lifelong free

subscription to her pizza place *gestures at Petalpounce*

Petalpounce: My boss would never agree to that! And I'm a HE!

Police Officer: Not what it says on your birth certificate *sniggers and high-paws other officer*

Nettlebounce: Huh, maybe we should just keep her in jail. I can take over counseling for a while!

Mottledleaf: .....no. Maybe I could. You would have the whole place up in flames within minutes

Petalpounce: *sniffs dramatically* no one's asking me if iiiiiiiii wanted to volunteer and counsel *goes back to the clinic and spends hours binging and sobbing into a pillow*

Mottledleaf: Uh huh. *mentally planning how much of a raise she might get* Let's try to switch out counseling, Nettlebounce. I can do six days a week, and you can do Wednesday.

Nettlebounce: That's harDLY FAIR WHY

Mottledleaf: Because I can actually counsel. *sweeps back inside dramatically to finish trading rosemary with Tangledflight*

Nettlebounce: *grumbles* I knew it was you. *begins eating pizza mournfully*

written by leopard :)

Chapter Nine

Mottledleaf has just opened up, what with Feathershine in jail. A faint bell tinkles as a dilute torbie walks through the door.

Nettlebounce: Hi. Do you have an appointment?

Torbie: Um, yeah. For Mossbreeze?

Mottledleaf: *faintly, through her closed door* For StarClan's sake, Fireheart, you need to calm do- COME THROUGH!

Mossbreeze: *catches herself staring at Nettlebounce for a moment too long* Uh, yeah! Coming!

Mottledleaf: *finishes shoving Fireheart into a closet* Hi, Mossbreeze, have a seat. What's the problem?

Mossbreeze: I...I think my friend might have depression. Or anxiety. *tearing up* But she won't talk to me, and I don't know how to he-

Mottledleaf: It's okay. We can talk this out, I promise. Now-

Fireheart: *bursts out of the closet* SPOTTEDLEAF MY ONE AND ONLY OTHER THAN SANDWHATSIT AND MAYBE GREYSTRIPE, THOU HAST GRACED US WITH YOUR PRESENCE-

Mottledleaf: You. Back in the closet.

Fireheart: But I came out of the closet seasons ago!

Mottledleaf: ...that's the *one* coherent sentence you manage to form? A punback?

Mossbreeze: Um.....

Nettlebounce: *hears the ruckus and bursts inside* Mottledleaf, again? For the last time, it is *not bring your grandparents to work day.*

You can't counsel people if he starts constantly going insane on you!

Mottledleaf: But I actually *know* how to-

Nettlebounce: I've been putting up with this for three days. Petalpounce is outside being hit on by a group of toms, you have like, three more people in line, and I'm trying to explain why Mossbreeze's session so far has consisted of a mangy tom screaming Shakespearean language at her!

Mossbreeze: *thinking* *oh StarClan she's cute* and *she delivers sick burns I'm so gone*

Mottledleaf: I know. Sorry. Nettlebounce, you move Fireheart somewhere else so that I can talk to Moss-

Petalbounce: *bursts through the door, a tom literally clinging to him* Guys can we *please* get Feathershine back I know she can't counsel but at least she made this chaos work somehow.

Fireheart: FEATHERTAIL WAS KILLED BY A-

Nettlebounce: Feather*shine,* mousebrain.

Mottledleaf:
IlovemygrandfatherIlovemygrandfatherIlovemygrandfatherIdontwanttokillmygra

Mossbreeze: Um...I'm gonna just...go... *makes for the door*

Mottledleaf: Wait! About your friend - ask them if they're okay, and listen carefully to them rather than crowding them! Encourage them to seek help from someone who knows what they're doing! And take care of yourself!

Mossbreeze: *kind of freaked out by the lack of order in this place* kthanksbye

Nettlebounce: *stares after her for a moment too long*

Chapter by Leafyyy

Chapter Ten

Mottledleaf strolled into the counseling office with dark shade and a cup of coffee in her paw. While she was busy looking awesome, her grandfather was rambling about this supposed "ThunderClan"

Fireheart: ...And then Graystripe showed up in the middle of a gatherin, and there was almost a fight, but I was epic enough to stop it

Mottledeaf: That's awesome Grandpa...

Nettlebounce and Sandstone were talking together about axolotls and how adorable they are

Nettlebounce: And then their little eyes are just the cutest things! Oh, hey Mottldleaf!

Sandstone: One again, it's-

Mottledleaf runs over to Sandstone and puts a salmon on her head before she can finish he sentence.

Mottledleaf: Alrighty, Nettlebounce, who do we have coming today?

Nettlebounce: It appears that a cat named-

A ginger tom rushes into the office, soaked in sewer water

Ginger Tom: *Through tears* He's gone! It's all my fault! *Weeps Even more*

Nettlebounce: Come right this way, sir. We'll help you.

Back in the room...

Nettlebounce: So, Newtstep, who exactly did you lose?

Newtstep: My pet cotton ball, Alfred. It was his 47th Birthday and we was celebratin', but den those of them rat fella's came by and took him!

Nettlebounce: Ah, well, I think I can help you with your problem. Here, have this cotton ball. It's like Alfred all over again!

Newtstep: *Sniff* Thank ya' so much!

Nettlebounce: Anytime!

As they walk out, the doors fly open to reveal an insane looking Feathershine

Feathershine: YOU. ARE. NOT. A. COUNSELOR.

i

Chapter Eleven

Feathershine is sitting at her desk, furiously playing a round of Candy Crush, when the buzzer next to her rings.

Nettlebounce: Ahem. Code magenta; blue; periwinkle; red-orange; violent violet.

Feathershine: *wrinkles her nose.* Uh, code... *glances at the paper tacked to her bulletin board.* Pizza yellow; pepperoni red; cheese-filled crust orange.

Nettlebounce: Gotcha. *not speaking into the microphone.* Hey, Petalpounce, I've got an order for you!

Feathershine: *in a sing-song voice.* You forgot to turn off the buzzer.

Nettlebounce: Right. Well, can you just come down the spring-green and talk to pebble-gray with cream?

Feathershine: *heavy sigh.* Fine.

Feathershine pushes off, rolling in her chair out of the counseling room. Using the walls, she makes her way down the spring-green -- er, hall -- and into the front room.

Petalpounce: *is hissing under his breath.*

Fireheart: *blabbers.* And I think you're beautiful and all, Cinderpelt, but my heart has been captured by Sandstorm! *gestures toward Sandstone, who is texting in the corner.*

Sandstone: I did not capture you more than Petalpounce can capture a Rattata.

Petalpounce: I am a perfectly fine Pokemon Go player, thank you very much -_-

Feathershine: *clears her throat.* So why did I come down here again? I already forgot.

Nettlebounce: We have a client, but... but they're not exactly here yet.

Feathershine: What do you mean?

Nettlebounce: Come behind the desk.

Ignoring Fireheart, who was trying to attack his own tail, Feathershine slipped behind the desk, eyes widening as she read the screen.

Feathershine: No.

Nettlebounce: What? We can't refuse any offers. Don't you want Mottledleaf to get her paycheck so Fireheart will shut up? *nudges her.* Plus, I could use a new pair of shoes...

Feathershine: *sighs.* Fine. But what if they're a creepy hundred-moon-old tom!

Mottledleaf: *calls from around the corner.* Don't insult my grandfather!

Ignoring the janitor, Feathershine turns on the computer and starts typing something. A cat's face pops up on the screen.

Petalpounce: I'm going to go get some pizza, bye. *quickly rushes out of the building, typing on his phone.*

Feathershine: It's pizza yello--hello there! *smiles at the screen.* How may I help you?

Strange Cat: *garbled voice.* I have a prophecy for you...

Nettlebounce: *squints out the window.* Eh, is that Petalpounce out there?

Strange Cat Who Is Totally Not Petalpounce: *Petalpounce IS A GUY!*

The Wi-Fi cuts out.

By Rio.

Chapter Twelve

Feathershine is bobbing her head along to some T. Ø.P. when the buzzer next to her rings. Mildly surprised, the she-cat quickly taps the side of the buzzer and turns off the music. She grabs a piece of gum.

Feathershine: Hello?

Nettlebounce: Problem. Mottledleaf is going on strike.

Feathershine: Am I supposed to care about this? *leans back in her chair and pops her bubblegum loudly.*

Nettlebounce: *sighs dramatically, because there is no other way to sigh in a spoof.* Probably. She cleans up the mess you make by putting gum underneath your desk.

Feathershine: *sniffs.* Fine. What do I have to do to get my janitor back?

Nettlebounce: Pay her.

Feathershine: But we're broke!

Nettlebounce: We share an Amazon account. I can see the gaming P.C. you just ordered. *rolls her eyes, because that is audible over a buzzer.*

Feathershine: *Fineeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.*

It's obvious Feathershine isn't going to do anything.

When are protagonists in spoofs ever doing things correctly?

Nettlebounce: Oh, and turn down your music. I can hear your stupid top thing from all the way up here!

Feathershine: Twenty. One. Pilots.

Nettlebounce: *keeps talking.* You know, I think you should just spin some tops for entertainment instead. It'll be more quiet, and when Sandstone shows up and actually attempts to counsel some of your patients, your music might b—

Feathershine: *slams the off button on the buzzer.* I'M COMING, OKAY?

Nettlebounce: *shouts.* OF COURSE YOU ARE.

Feathershine types a few things on her computer and possibly orders a trampoline. She is our mysterious protagonist, after all. After choosing express shippi—she's not on Amazon, right.

Feathershine slides out of the room, already dreaming of her new tram—let me try this again.

Feathershine, now broke from totally not buying a trampoline, peeks underneath the couch cushions and finds a few quarters. Grinning, she snatches them up and darts toward the hallway toward Nettlebounce.

Feathershine: I think I found enough money to pay Mottledleaf! *holds up the quarter, which has a trampoline inscribed on it.*

Nettlebounce: *squints and takes the coin.* That's a coin to Chuckie Cheese's...

Feathershine: Well do we have any patients?

Nettlebounce: *sighs.* Sandstone! Are you texting your boyfriend or can you tell me the schedule lineup?

Sandstone beautifully slips out of the other hallway looking beautifully beautiful. Her fur almost shimmering, the she-cat tosses a wad of paper onto Nettlebounce's desk and disappears, staring at her phone.

Nettlebounce: Thanks! *unballs the paper.* Hmm, you've got an appoin—

An angry-looking calico she-cat is dragging in a nearly identical smaller version of herself by the ear. The mother pushes through the door and gives her daughter a shove.

Heatherwind: Hi, I'm Heatherwind, and this is my daughter Weatherpaw.. fix her.

Nettlebounce: *peers over the counter at the kit, who is grumbling and licking down her fur.* And what are we fixing exactly? *smiles warmly.*

Weatherpaw: My mother thinks I'm addicted to "edgy music"

Feathershine: *ears perk up.* What kind of music do you like?

Weatherpaw: Twenty One Pilots, of course... a bit of Set It Off, maybe some Imagine Dragons.

Feathershine: *leaps up.* TØP IS THE BEST!!!!!!!!!!

Weatherpaw: *squeals.* See, mom! My couselor agrees with me!

Mottledleaf: *pops up from behind the counter and slams her head against the wall.* That. Is. Not. Helping. This. Problem. Feathershine.

Feathershine: *ignores.* And our names rhyme, too! We're meant to be soul sisters! I have tickets to a concert

Mottledleaf: WHY DON'T YOU TWO TALK ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS? *gestures toward Heatherwind and her daughter.* INSTEAD OF LISTENING TO TH—

Weatherpaw turns on some edgy music on her phone, and she starts to jam out with Feathershine.

Heatherwind: *swoons.*

By Rio. I only like real pilots.

Chapter Thirteen

Petalpounce pads into the clinic with pizza, to see Feathershine semi-passed-out on the reception desk, a few cats crowding around her.

Feathershine: Mottledleaf.

Feathershine: I. Am. Dying.

Mottledleaf: No, you're not. Calm down.

Sandstone: **glances at Petalpounce** She has a cold.

Feathershine: **is offended** I have been plagued by the very bane of our earth! How can you have no sympathy for me!

Mottledleaf: Does this mean I can counsel today?

Multiple cats, in unison: *NO.*

Mottledleaf: :(

Petalpounce: So who was the pizza for?

Fethershine: MINE. EVERYTHING IS MINE. I LEAVE WHATEVER IS LEFT OF THIS CHEESY GOODNESS TO NETTLEBOUNCE IN MY WILL.

Nettlebounce: Wait, really?

Feathershine: Only because you haven't been making fun of my ailment.

Mottledleaf: **shoves her** Only because she wants a raise.

Nettlebounce: ...

Sandstone: **opens the pizza box** Meat supreme? Again? Really?

Petalpounce: **flicks his ears** Always.

The bell tinkles as a ginger tomcat, who couldn't be much older than nine months, walks into the reception area.

???: (◠‿◠)

Nettlebounce: Hi, are you see to see Feathershine.

???: ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Nettlebounce: **pads over to her desk** What's your name?

???: **is distracted; glances at Petalpounce**
(°ʖ°)

Petalpounce: *ears flatten* Not a she-cat. I know, it's hard to believe.

???: (OvO)

Nettlebounce: So.....did you have an appointment? Or a name?

???: (• □ □ □)ʒ□□

Feathershine: **looks over from eating pizza** I say we call him Gingerfur.

Mottledleaf: What?! No, Feathershine, you can't just decide someone's name.

Feathershine: **to the orange cat** are you okay with being called Gingerfur?

Almost-Gingerfur: (*^◯^*)

Feathershine: Gingerfur it is.

Nettlebounce: Sure, okay, but what is he doing here???

Gingerfur: ʅ(˘‿˘)ʃ

Petalpounce: I think he just wants to hang with us.

Gingerfur: (□‿□)

Sandstone: How did you know??

Petalpounce: I'm actually a psychic.

Mottledleaf: ...that explains so much.

Feathershine, having finished her pizza, discards the box on the floor.

Gingerfur: ('◉⌓◉') **looks in horror at the box of pizza, which now has a noticeable lack of pizza**

Gingerfur: *curls up in a corner* (╥﹏ρ╥')

Feathershine: Is he okay?

Petalpounce: *glares, feeling strangely protective* He wanted pizza, mouseheart.

Gingerfur: 。゜(゜'Д｀゜)゜。

Petalpounce: *hurries over* shhh, shhh, it's okay. Petalpounce will take you back to the pizza place and make you any pizza you want, okay?

Gingerfur: (□□?)□。

Petalpounce: Mm-hm. You wanna go?

Gingerfur: ('°ω°｀)

Petalpounce: Yeah, that's right, it's okay, let's go...

They leave. There are a few moments of silence.

Sandstone: OMG HE WAS SO ADORABLE-

Mottledleaf: HE'S SO SMOL-

Nettlebounce: PURE CINNAMON ROLL, TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD, TOO PURE-

Feathershine: I WANT TO TAKE HIS FACE AND SQUISH IT-

Fireheart: HE WAS ALMOST AS CUTE AS CINDERKIT-

Nettlebounce: WHERE DID YOU EVEN COME FROM

Chapter by Leafyyy

Chapter Fourteen

Feathershine: Mottledleaf will you please fix the neon sign? Petalpounce broke it with her baseball bat--

Petalpounce: *holds out bat threateningly* And if you keep calling me a she I'm going to break your face--

Fireheart: But Sandstorm I love you I'm not visiting my dead crush in my dreams or anything--

Sandstone: I HAVE A BOYFRIEND YOU CREEP--

Mottledleaf: WHO STOLE MY EFFING MOP

Feathershine: WHO CARES FIX THE SIGN

Fireheart: WHAT YOU HAVE A BOYFRIEND? IS IT DUSTPELT I'M GONNA MURDER HIS PEDOPHILLIC A--

Nettlepounce: FEATHERSHINE I WANT A RAISE

Suddenly, the door dings as it opens, revealing a customer. They are a ginger cat with green eyes, and they stare in terror at the chaos before them. Slowly they begin to back out...

Feathershine: Wait no don't leave!!!!

Mystery cat: .....bye

The door slams. Regardless, Feathershine screams everyone into submission and in pi seconds flat, the office looks totally normal and professional.

Except for the Doritos bag. Mottledleaf kept insisting to use the recycling but Petalpounce used it as a battering ram at some point a while ago.

Mystery cat: *reluctantly walks back in* Well. Sorry. My bf shoved me back in here.

Fireheart: OMG SQUIRRELFLIGHT SUP DAUGHTER

Mystery cat: Who tf is this cat

Fireheart: IS BRAMBLECLAW OUTSIDE CAN I GO SAY HI TO TIGERSTAR 2.0 AKA MY DEPUTY

Mystery cat: .....

Mottledleaf: Sorry..... *slowly drags Fireheart out of the room*

Feathershine: So. What's your problem?

Mystery cat: So my name is Blacksoul and well I have phsycopathic urges a lot. Like visions of stabbing cat violently until--

Nettlepounce: *coughs* We've got the picture.

Blacksoul: Anyway my bf wanted me to get therapy. So... *turns to Feathershine* any advice?

Feathershine: Just give in, duh.

Nettlepounce: You're encouraging her to violently murder people...?

Feathershine: I'm encouraging her to only murder them a little bit.

Nettlepounce: . . .

Blacksoul: . . .

Mottledleaf: *bursts in the room* Whatever she said don't listen to it

Blacksoul: But...but...these violent urges...

Mottledleaf: If you really have to, write down the scene instead of doing it. It curbs the urge. Also apparently you can make good money if you make it a script and sell it to Hollywood.

Blacksoul: Wow thx! I'll do that! *skips merrily out*

Feathershine: MOTTLEDLEAF!!! I'M THE COUNSELOR! YOU'RE FIRED--

Mottledleaf: Who'll fix the sign then?

Feathershine: .....drat.

by a mystery admin who tried to be funny

Chapter Fifteen

Sunlight shines in on the office from the vast sky above. It is 7:00 in the morning, and all of the staff at Feathershine Counseling and Co. are huddled around Nettlebounce's desk, watching cat videos while Feathershine walked through the door, the little bell ringing.

Feathershine: Hello everyone!

The other cats are too occupied with the videos that they don't notice Feathershine's arrival.

Feathershine: *annoyed.* We have a customer today.

Mottledleaf laughs as a cat, onscreen, fell behind a couch. Nettlebounce's face flushed, and she muttered something about it being her.

Feathershine: I have your paychecks!

The cat videos stop.

Nettlebounce: Me first, please! I ordered you your pizza already today.

Feathershine: Your sister spits in my pizzas, so I don't want it. And I was lying. I just needed to get your attention.

Mottledleaf: *sighs.* Well do we *actually* have a customer, or are you lying about that too?

Feathershine: So you were listening! And yes! *steps aside.*

Mysterious Customer: Hi.

Mottledleaf: Princess?

Fireheart: MY SISTER!

Mottledleaf: *quietly; to Nettlebounce.* The only cat he gets

right... well, close to right. Princess is his granddaughter.

Princess: *hugs Fireheart.* Hi there! I didn't know you got a job as a janitor here, Mottledleaf. *smiles.*

Mottledleaf: *narrows her eyes.* I'll have you know that I'm basically the counselor here, since Feathershine sucks so much.

Feathershine: I mean she's not wrong.

Princess: *laughs.* Well then I'd like to have my session with Mottledleaf instead.

Mottledleaf: Twice the price.

Princess: *shrugs.* I'm so rich that it doesn't matter.

Feathershine: That's not possible, I'm the only counselor.

Princess: *pulls out her wallet and starts pulling out bills.*

Feathershine quickly quiets.

Fireheart: *is still hugging Princess.*

Feathershine: I guess I'll go clean the windows if I'm apparently so useless. *passive aggressively stalks off.*

Nettlebounce: No, don't touch the windows! You're going to mess them up.

Feathershine: I'm going to go order a pizza then. *sniffs.*

Princess: *with Fireheart attached to her, she turns to Mottledleaf.* So where's your office?

Mottledleaf starts padding toward Feathershine's office, but the she-cat stops her and points her toward the janitor's closet. She steps into the closet, Princess following.

Fireheart: Don't leave me sister :c :c

Princess: *kicks him out of the closet.* Bye.

Fireheart: *whimpers.*

Mottledleaf: Anyways, so what's your problem? *tilts her head.*

Princess: Well, I have a problem with money...

Mottledleaf: *gasps.* *Really?* I never would have thought my rich, successful sister would have a problem with money...

Princess: I have too much of it!

Mottledleaf: There it is. *groans.*

Princess: Like, I'm getting so stressed! I have no idea what I'm going to do with all my money! I have nowhere to put it!

Mottledleaf: I hate you.

Princess: *continues.* And my dear younger sister, Mottledleaf, she's so poor... I wish I could help her, but she's too stubborn.

Mottledleaf: Here's an idea... why don't you burn your money?

Feathershine: *pokes her head into the closet.* Hi. Idea - donate your money to a charity.

Princess: Good idea! I'll donate it to a charity... any suggestions?

Feathershine: My office building is a charity...

Mottledleaf: The fireplace also might work.

By Rio.

Chapter Sixteen

Mottledleaf: **pokes her head inside from the front door** The sign is finally done from a couple days ago.

Feathershine: **looks up from playing Where's My Water** Okay. I hope you didn't mess it up too bad . . .

Mottledleaf gives her a scowl and goes back outside, waiting for her boss. Feathershine finally makes it outside and looks up at the sign, which says "Feathershine and Co." In tiny letters at the bottom, it reads "Come to Mottledleaf if you actually need advice."

Feathershine: What is this?? I command you to redo that sign right now! I'm the real counselor here! **huffs and turns to go back inside with her tail held high.**

Mottledleaf sighs and looks up at the sign. Suddenly, a commotion seems to be going on down the street. A rainbow-colored cat is seen bouncing her way towards the counseling office.

Mottledleaf: *runs inside* RAINBOW COLORED CAT COMING THIS WAY! **looks outside then back inside** IMPACT IMMINENT **runs inside**

Meanwhile, the rainbow colored cat got closer to the office and eventually smashes on the roof. The whole office shakes. Outside, the sign falls off of the front of the building and crashes down on the pavement. A moan of agony comes from Mottledleaf, and the crew comes out of the rooms to investigate.

Sandstone: **takes out one earbud** huh?

Fireheart: It's nothing my darling! Just some patient! **bats eyes at Sandstone**

Feathershine looks up at the roof for damage, and a sliding noise is heard. The rainbow colored cat drops off the roof and plops down in

front of the entrance.

Rainbow Cat: Hellooo everybody!!! How are you? I just had this really nice stroll downtown and everybody was nice and a few even talked to me! I saw a friend and I offered her a cupcake. Do you like cupcakes?? They are the best! What's your favorite flavor? Mine is chocolate!! Chocolate is so good I get chocolate on everything!! I practically live on chocolate. If I could eat anything for my whole life I would eat chocolate! Coca plants are my favorite plant because they make chocolate!! Do you like chocolate?? I also love cupcakes and brownies and doughnuts and candy and ice cream and—

Feathershine: Uh, so . . . why did you come to the counseling office? **she says politely, but already knowing exactly why**

Rainbow Cat: Mum says I am hyperactive and eat too many sweets. And I say that you can never have enough sweets! And why would I be hyperactive? I'm not hyperactive at all! I'm the happiest person ever! I have so many friends, and make friends easily! Do you have friends?? OOH, do they give you cupcakes?? Friends that give you cupcakes are the best friends. And you can give cupcakes to them, too! Although I could never get it to my friends before I eat them, I have a big appetite! And do you know what I fill my appetite with?? Colorful cupcakes!! OOH, I love colors! I love red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple, AND ESPECIALLY PINK! That's why I colored my pelt to be rainbow colors! I love making things really pretty and I love to decorate things! Although I can't decorate cupcakes because I
eat—

Mottledleaf: uh, Rainbow . . . Cat? Would you help me—

Rainbow-colored cat: Yes? Oh, and my name is Rainbowbelly! I should have said that first, but I was too busy talking! I love talking, and I can tell whatever I want to my friends! I love to talk about colors, cupcakes, rainbows,
candy—

Sandstone: SHUT UP ALREADY!!!

Rainbowbelly inhales sharply, looking really hurt. Her tail droops with her head, and she turns away, sniffing. A teardrop falls to the floor, and she slowly walks out of the counseling office. Feathershine looks pointedly at Sandstone, who goes back to her iPhone and starts texting again.

Feathershine rushes outside to find Rainbowbelly—who wasn't hard to find.

Feathershine: Rainbowbelly? We'll help you! Sandstone was, uh . . . . grouchy, she didn't mean it. Come on inside!

The rainbow-colored wonder immediately perked up and bounced back to the office, not using the door, but smashing through a window. Mottledleaf signed again, knowing that Feathershine would soon—

Feathershine: MOTTLEDLEAF!! CLEAN THIS UP! I HAVE TO GO TALK TO MY CLIENT!

By Wave :3

Chapter Seventeen

Feathershine is absent, and Mottledleaf finally has a chance to do what she wants—counsel any patients that show up.

Of course, Feathershine's absence happens to be on the day when there's an overload of cats.

Mottledleaf: Thanks for coming, Greenfur... now I can schedule for an appointment for next week, if that works? *smiles warmly.*

Greenfur: Sure! *pads out of the room.*

Nettlebounce: *from the buzzer.* Another patient, coming in right now!

Mottledleaf: Alrightie.

A very tall Twoleg walks through the door. Mottledleaf shrieks.

Sushi: W—what? I'm sorry kitty! *picks up Mottledleaf and gently pets her.*

Mottledleaf: TWOLEG ALERT TWOLEG ALERT

Nettlebounce: *through the buzzer.* It's fine, just counsel the human.

Mottledleaf: Human? Such political correctness... *turns to Sushi.* I'm sorry. I'm Mottledleaf, and I'll be counseling you today. *forces a smile.*

Sushi: Oh, uh, okay. I'm Sushi. I'm a Twoleg. Human is the preferred term, yes.

Mottledleaf: So what brings you here?

Sushi: Well, I'm having trouble getting my updates done for my

joint account on Wattpad, and I was forced to come here by the person who's writing this chap—

Rio: Stop breaking the fourth wall. That's Dusky's thing.

Dusky: *pokes her head through the window.* I heard fourth wall?

Rio: It's already broken; don't shatter it anymore >~<

Dusky: Too late! *slams a hammer on the fourth wall.*

Mottledleaf: whaT ARE YOU CRAZY HUMANS DOING?

Dusky: Breaking the fourth wall, duh.

Rio: I will demote you.

Dusky: *disappears suddenly.*

Sushi: *nervously laughs.* So yeah. I was forced to come here by Rio, the one complaining about the fourth wall's breakage.

Mottledleaf: I see... now, what prevents you from doing your chapters?

Sushi: Laziness? Long strings of Hamilton lyrics?

Mottledleaf: Oh, so you're one of those Hamilton addicts?

Sushi: *nods.* Yes, I can't help but quote it on an hourly basis. *under her breath.* *ihaveneverseenthegeneralsodespondentihavestartedwritingallhiscorrespo*

Mottledleaf: I'm sorry, if you need to quote, please do it outside... this is a safe and secure facili—

Feathershine bursts through the door, fur ruffled and eyes wide.

Feathershine: I AM HERE! WHY ARE YOU SITTING AT MY DESK?

Mottledleaf: *neatly folds her paws on the desk.* Doing your job, since you were so horribly late.

Feathershine: *blinks.* Why are there so many cats here?

Mottledleaf: I don't know. *turns to Sushi.* How'd you hear about this place?

Sushi: Spotted Grief Counseling is very famous right now... and the phone number called this office. Your name is quite similar, so we assumed it was the right place... 'we' being all the people who've showed up here.

Mottledleaf: I see...

Sushi: *nods.* So can I go now?

Feathershine: Nah, let me do some *real* counseling... I have a real degree, unlike that idiot. *gestures at Mottledleaf.*

Mottledleaf: Offensive.

Sushi: *repeats her problem.*

Feathershine: Oh, I see. Just quit. That'll work out great!

Sushi: But... but I can't.

Feathershine: Then you don't have real problems lol get lost. *shoves Sushi out of the office.*

Mottledleaf: That was so rude! How could you even do that!

Feathershine: I'm hungover, I don't care about others yet. *shrugs.*

by Rio.

Chapter Eighteen

Intercom - ***I seem to have found an imminent disliking in this place and have opted to taking over the building. You have approximately twenty-two seconds to leave before I counsel you to an early grave***

Feathershine: *I swear to god-*

Hazel: i'M TAKING OVER KIDDOS

Mottledleaf: Oh no, not another one of you... lot

Hazel: I beg your pardon?

Mottledleaf: You twolegs, you, you humans! You're all the same; loud, obnoxious, irritating!

Hazel: *offended* I'm British I'll have you know, totally different

Mottledleaf: What's a British?

Hazel: Y'know you have ThunderClan and RiverClan

Mottledleaf: Yeah?

Hazel: Yeah.

Fireheart: DID SOMEONE SAY THUNDERCLAN! THE ALMIGHTY FIRESTAR IS UPON YOU

Feathershine: I could've sworn we got rid of him! Can someone take him back home?

Fireheart: Yeah, who knows the way back to ThunderClan?

Catty: I do!

Mottledleaf: A twoleg! Are you British?

Catty: what no

Mottledleaf: *get out*

Feathershine: No, no! She can take him back to 'ThunderClan'

Catty: You think I'm taking *that* with me? Uh, no, sit down, counsel me, and then I'll take him

Feathershine: Well of course! **Mottledleaf go away** What can I do for you?

Catty: No, I request Hazel's counselling

Hazel: Fake your own death

Catty: huh?

Hazel: That's the answer to everything, fake your own death and frame your enemies

Catty: ... you know what on second thoughts you're great!

Feathershine: Thought you'd say that

Catty: So uh, my wife and I have been in a loving relationship for sometime now

Feathershine: Mhm, so what's the problem?

Catty: ... she's in a loving relationship with eight other people as well...

Feathershine: Well fu-

Mottledleaf: Are you happy with that?

Catty: I don't mind very much, but I feel like I'm in some kind of cult

Mottledleaf: Well, sit down with your wife and talk to her, tell her how you feel. If you love each other, you can make it work, but if you're unhappy, do what's best and move on

Feathershine: -cking hell that's a lot of wives

Catty: Yeah, there's Leopard, Olivia, Blaze, Wave-

Feathershine: Wait, who's your wife?

Catty: Sushi!

Sushi: CATTY MY LOVE

Catty: *leaves promptly*

Mottledleaf: It appears Catty has flown away to a faraway land to hide from you, Sushi

Sushi: Well then, I guess I need another wife! Hazel, suggestions?

Hazel: Feathershine

Feathershine: what

Sushi: *FEATHERSHINE MY LOVE*

Feathershine: FOR FU-

Sushi has many wives.

Hazel

Chapter Nineteen

Fireheart bursts into the room standing right next to a gray tom with a darker gray stripe going along his back and yellow eyes.

Fireheart: HAHAHA! That's a good one Graystripe!

Gray: Um, okay, Firestar was it? It's just Gray, and I haven't met you before!

Fireheart: I guess the twolegs really did do something to you, no matter! I have brought you here to receive help from the professionals.

Gray: *starts trying to run away* YOU ARE CRAZY!

Feathershine: Not so fast~

Gray: Oh no.

Feathershine: Fireheart has brought you here for treatment, we can get started right away!

Gray: I don't need-

Fireheart: So Sandstorm. You, me, Pippi's Pasta tonight? How bout it? It's the least I can do for my mate.

Sandstone: Oh brother, no Fireheart. For the last time, it's Sandstone and I am not your mate! Why can't he be counseled?!

Slashscar: Because I! The pretties she-cat in all of the world has no time for such petty cats like him!

Sandstone: Shut up Slashscar! I wasn't asking you!

Slashscar: Do you not accept me for being a she-cat?! Is that it?! FINE! I'll just go to my room and *not* cry for the next few days! *runs off*

Sandstone: I am surrounded by idiots.

Gray: I really must get going...

Feathershine: NO YOU CAN'T! *leaps onto Gray*

Gray: Get off me!

Mossbreeze: *kicks Feathershine off of Gray* Run!

Gray: *runs out of the building* YOU CATS ARE ALL CRAZY!

Feathershine: Mossbreeze! You just drove our customer away!

Mossbreeze: You were tackling him and Fireheart was harassing him!

Feathershine: Fireheart harasses everybody and I am in charge here so into the torture room!

Mossbreeze: Whatever *walks off*

Feathershine: That's the wrong way! The torture room is that way!

Mossbreeze: I don't care! *slams the door to the janitor's closet and locks it*

For the rest of the evening, Feathershine tries to get Mossbreeze out of the room but is unsuccessful and gives up. In the meantime, Fireheart hits on Sandstone and Slashscar cries in her room.

~Dusky

Chapter Twenty

Petalpounce pushes open the doors, holding two boxes of pizza. His eyes are narrowed. Nettlebounce ignores him, painting her claws.

Mottledleaf: *is mopping in a corner of the lobby.* Hi Petalpounce. No one ordered any pizza yet, right?

Petalpounce: *tiredly.* Give it... thirty seconds.

They wait thirty seconds.

Feathershine: *from down the hallway.* NETTLEBOUNCEEEE I WANT PIZZAAAAAAAA

Nettlebounce: You know you could just walk down here and ask me? Or call the pizza place yourself? *to herself.* StarClan, Feathershine is such a lazy pile of mousedung.

Feathershine: *grumbles.* Fine, fine. *walks down the hallway and puts her muzzle right next to Nettlebounce's ear; musters all her strength and shouts.* I WANT PIZZA NETTLEBOUNCE.

Nettlebounce: *doesn't flinch.* I have three kits, you know. I'm used to this.

Feathershine: *hisses.*

Nettlebounce: You're less mature than my two-moon-old pair. *snorts.* Anyways, Petalpounce is already here.

Feathershine: *takes the pizza from him.* Thanks!

Petalpounce: You still have to pa—

Feathershine disappears into her office with the pizza boxes before he can finish. Petalpounce sighs.

Petalpounce: *turns to his sister.* Soooo, are you going to pay me?

Nettlebounce: No. *continues painting her claws.*

Petalpounce: *turns to Mottledleaf hopefully.*

Mottedleaf sighs, then turns to Fireheart. He is babbling at his phone and looks up lovingly at his granddaughter. She sticks a paw in his pocket and pulls out the needed money. Fireheart instantly falls asleep.

Petalpounce: Did you just rob your grandfather?

Mottledleaf: *shrugs.* He robbed me. Karma. *hands over the money.*

Petalpounce: T-thanks. *leaves.*

A few moments later, a small she-cat steps in, wheeling a cart that has a laptop on top.

Mysterious Patient: Do you have Wi-Fi here? *is still typing.*

Mottledleaf: *pads toward her.* Let me guess... electronic addiction? And you were forced to come here by who... father or mate?

Mysterious Patient: Okay, there is Wi-Fi here. What's the password?

Mottledleaf: Are you a patient?

Mysterious Patient: Yes. What's the Wi-Fi password?

Mottledleaf: "wedon'thaveapassword"

Mysterious Patient: Thanks.

Mottledleaf: What's your name?

Mysterious Patient: MysteriousKiller

Mottledleaf: Not your... *peeks at her computer screen.* username. Your real name.

MysteriousKiller: It's called a gamer-tag, check your facts. *sniffs and continuies typing.* The name's Wirefur, though most call me Wire.

Mottledleaf: That's actually a... surprisngly accurate name from what I can tell. So what brings you here?

Wire: *shrugs.* My mom told me she'd upgrade the Wi-Fi program to premium if I started going to therapy.

Nettlebounce: *looks up from painting her claws.* Oh, you have Comcat Wi-Fi too? StarClan, they're so slow, right?

Wire: *nods empathetically.* Yeah! The speeds are so slow that I can barely keep my number one spot in the world.

Mottledleaf: *ears perk up.* So would you say you're the best player at whatever game you're playing? *tries to peek over Wire's shoulder, but Wire moves her computer cart, closer to the Wi-Fi router.*

Wire: Oh yes, of course... I've held the number one spot for quite a while.

Mottledleaf: What game are you playing?

Wire: One... one second. *starts typing even faster.* This is getting intense!

Mottledleaf finally manages to get a glimpse of Wire's screen.

Wire is playing 2048.

Mottledleaf: Wow! You're already at 4096? You've only been in here for like eight minutes!

Wire: *is sliding the blocks faster than Mottledleaf can see.* Oh, I just started this game. *switches tabs.* This is my best one so far...

The other tab shows a 32768 tile in one corner, surrounded by several 2048's and lower numbered tiles.

Mottledleaf: Would you say you're... addicted?

Wire: *laughs.* You sound like my mom.

Mottledleaf: Well, why don't you try turning off the computer?

Wire: *sighs.* I can't! This game is just too intense.

Mottledleaf: *to Nettlebounce.* Shut off the Wi-Fi.

Delicately, with painted paws, Nettlebounce tugs out the cord to the Wi-Fi router. Wire gasps, but continues sliding.

Wire: I have a hotspot, you know. And 2048 doesn't require Wi-Fi!

Mottledleaf: *shuts Wire's computer.*

Wire: ....

Mottledleaf: ...

Wire: *looks around.* Oh, I forgot there was a world outside the game... thanks Mottledleaf! You solved my problem :)

Mottledleaf: I just helped temporarily—would you like to schedule another appointment here? *tips her head to the side.*

Wire: *nods.* Sure, thank you! I'm sure my mom will pay you any price for how you've saved me.

Mottledleaf: No, I just helped you realize that you can do things other than play 2048.

Wire: *nods again.* Thanks! I'll call in a while to schedule another appointment.

🌦 **by rio**

i really like 2048.

Chapter Twenty-One

Feathershine: *lays across the desk licking her paws* Where is the pizzaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

Petalpounce: Hello! I have brought the pizza!

Feathershine: Finally, about time!

Petalpounce: That'll be $24.99

Mystery Cat: *Bursts in the room* Mottledleaf! I need help!

Feathershine: Why would you want Mottledleaf?! She's a terrible therapist.

Mystery Cat: ...

Feathershine: Come with me and you can tell me all your problems.

Mystery Cat: A-alright, I'll follow you then.

Petalpounce: You still need to pay for the-

Feathershine: *leads the Mystery Cat into her, not as dark counseling room* Now tell me, what is your name?

Mystery Cat: My name is Haze.

Feathershine: It's a pleasure to meet you, now tell me, what's troubling you?

Haze: You know that troll cat movie that just came out?

Feathershine: Yesssssssssssss.

Haze: Well, I was wondering about how they reproduce... it

confuses me and I can't stop thinking about it.

Feathershine: Well that's stupid.

Haze: It's not stupid!

Feathershine: You're right, it's more than stupid.

Haze: You're a terrible counselor!

Feathershine: What did you say to me?

Haze: I said, you are a terrible counselor!

Feathershine: That's all I needed to hear. Please step inside the circle over there.

Haze: Alright. *Steps in circle*

Feathershine: *Presses a button releasing Haze into the suffer chamber and then leaves*

Mottledleaf: Feathershine, what did you do?

Feathershine: I made sure that cat knows I'm a great counselor.

Mottledleaf: Oh StarClan help me.

Petalpounce: Hey, you guys still have to pay for the pizza!

~Dusky

Chapter Twenty-Two

Petalbounce: Here you go five Hawaiian and two Meatlovers *places the boxes on the front desk*

Nettlebounce: Thanks sis *smiles at him wickedly*

Petalbounce: I hate you *grouchily pads out of the front door only to crash into Feathershine*

Feathershine: *says hi while looking at her phone*

Nettlebounce: *gets out of chair and heads towards Feathershine* Everything all set for the party tonight?

Feathershine: *looks up from phone* Yep... * tilts head, looking thoughtful* Has anyone seen Slashscar lately? He hasn't been here in a while

Nettlebounce: *is about to answer when Fireheart and Mottledleaf comes in*

Mottledleaf: *sees Feathershine and bolts to her, kneeling in front of her* Please don't make me stay behind to clean up once the party ends...

Feathershine: You're the janitor that's your jo- *sees Fireheart and dramatically sighs* How many times have I told you that it's not 'bring your grandpa to work day'?!

Sandstone: *pads in then slowly then backs away once she spots Fireheart*

Fireheart: *sees Sandstone, quickly smooths down fur and pads to her in 'cool' manner* Hey Sandstorm! Haven't seen you since yesterday, where have you been, babe?

Sandstone: *looks at Mottledleaf desperately motioning to her to take Fireheart away from her*

Mottledleaf: *doesn't see her as she is busy negotiating with Feathershine*

Three hours later...

Feathershine: *walks in wearing a baseball cap backwards and over-sized shades* Let's get this party started!

Music starts to play from the speakers and every character that appeared in the story so far, starts to dance

Fireheart: *pads up to Sandstone* Wanna dance babe?

Sandstone: *eyes wide* Uhh no...I'm already dancing with *widely looks around the overly decorated room* Petalbounce. I'm dancing with Petalbounce *crazily gestures for brown-furred tom to come over*

Petalbounce: *comes over* Yeah what? *looks at Fireheart* He troubling you?

Sandstone: *Nods head*

Fireheart: I thought you loved me, Sandstorm! *starts to sob but then narrows eyes at Petalbounce* You won't take this smokin' hot feline away from me. You're just some random she-cat that knows nothing about he-

Petalbounce: *pounces onto Fireheart* How dare you! Stupid flea-bag! *starts to pummel him*

Mottledleaf: Grandpa! *runs towards him and tries to pull Petalbounce off*

Petalbounce: *Kicks her away with his hindpaws*

Fireheart: *Suddenly starts to fight back and both cats are randomly fighting in slow-motion*

Cats start to notice the fight and chant 'Fight! Fight! Fight!'

Feathershine: *rurns off the music and storms towards the fighting

toms, putting her paws on her hips* What on Earth is going on here?!

Petalbounce: *startled, he jumps away and points to the scraggly ginger tom* He started it

Mottledleaf: *runs to her grandpa* You okay?! *turns her head to glare at Petalbounce* He is old and slightly wacko. *You* should know better then to fight with old cats

Petalbounce: *waves his paw dismissively* Oh puh-lease this mouse-brain called me a she-cat. You know how I feel about that

Feathershine: *glares at both cats* Since I'm the psychologist here I think you should take a few deep breaths, take some catmint and continue to party

Mottledleaf: *her jaw gapes and then gives her a funny look* I don't think they should eat catmi-

Feathershine: I'm the psychologist. You're the janitor. Don't question me! *turns the music back on, and cats starts to dance again*

Slashscar: *bursts in through the door* Sorry I'm late, my cab driver kept asking whether I was a she-cat or a tom and didn't know whether to open the door for me or just leave me to open it myself *takes out a hand mirror from her handbag and quickly applies a fresh layer of blush*

Petalbounce: *sees Slashscar and smoothly pads over to the ginger cat, ignoring Feathershine's 'advice' * Wanna dance? *holds out a paw*

Slashscar: *smiles at him and takes his paw, leading him to the dance floor*

Mossbreeze: *looks around for Nettlebounce only to see her being led away by Slashscar then sadly pads away, crashing into the actual Nettlebounce*

Nettlebounce: *looks concerned for the small torbie* Hey, you

okay?

Mossbreeze: *confusion shows in her face* I thought you were dancing with Slashscar?"

Nettlebounce: Huh? Am I? *chuckles* I guess I do look like my brother. No wonder the two of us always gets confused *then holds out paw* Let's dance

Mossbreeze: *shyly smiles and the two then head to the corner and start to do the *Whip, Nae, Nae**

Another three hours later

Mottledleaf: I hate my job... *continues to scrub the mysterious stain on the wall*

-Written by Swan

& edited by rio

Chapter Twenty-Three

Everything is a complete mess.

Empty pizza boxes lie strewn across tasteless checkered carpet, a stale smell hanging in the poorly-conditioned air. The file cabinets are disorderly, each sheet of paper carelessly jammed inside. A feeble electric hand fan barely manages to stand on Feathershine's desk.

Feathershine: *sitting at her desk, head buried in a pizza box* Arghh... *swats away a fly weakly* It's so hot...

Nettlebounce: *curled up in dark corner* Shuddup. I'm trying to hibernate.

Petalpounce: *sporting a dead zombie look, the latest fashion in Feathershine's Counseling and Co.* It's the middle of summer, idiot.

Feathershine: I wish Mottleleaf were here...

Nettlebounce: *annoyed* If you didn't have a go at her when she tried to help you counsel that depressed kit—

Feathershine: She was trying to take over my job! I'm the boss; I'm *supposed* to criticise her when she's doing something wrong. It's not my fault she decided to go on strike for an undefined amount of time. *I'm* the certified phychialogist, not her!

Petalpounce: You mean psychologist.

Feathershine: *sniffs* whatever. At least she didn't leave her

grandpa here. The biggest problem now is that we aren't getting any customers and I'm broke from ordering all the pizza.

Nettlebounce: You know, that might be because Mottleleaf is awa —

Feathershine: *snaps* Because what, Nettlebounce? What are you suggesting?

Nettlebounce endures a murderous glare.

Petalpounce: *ears twitch* I hear a customer!

Feathershine: REALLY? OHMYGOSH YES!

A mud brown she-cat drags a younger tom into the room. The tom appears immersed drawing on a sketch pad with his pencil.

She-cat: Please help him. He's been like this for twelve moons. I've taken him to all the psychologists except you. *barely takes notice of the untidy state of the workplace*

Feathershine: *clears throat and attempts to look professional* Name?

She-cat: I'm Butterfly. This is my son, Moth. Moth, why don't you put down your sketch pad and say hello?

Moth: No! *continues drawing* I haven't got her right yet.

Feathershine: *rather bluntly* What's his problem?

Butterfly: He suffered the Rejection. A she-cat rejected him, and he's been like this ever since. He's always trying to draw her on that darn sketch pad, day and night. Apart from me, every same aged she-cat he sees he thinks is that same one. The she-cat ruined his life.

Feathershine: *taking notes* Uh huh, uh huh... Do you know the name of the she-cat? Any other information about her? Maybe arranging them to meet will help.

Butterfly: Well—

Moth: *suddenly elicits a piercing shriek of excitement (or fury. It was difficult to tell)**IT'S YOU!*

Nettlebounce: *jerks awake from dozing off earlier* Heh? *a look of recognition dawns on her face* Is that you, Moth?

Moth: Nettlebounce! My love! I knew you'd come back for me!

Petalpounce: WAIT, WHAT'S HAPPENING, SIS?!

Nettlebounce: *shifts uncomfortably* Look, Moth, I'm sorry.

Moth: No more words. I think I can get this right now. *begins drawing furiously while lifting head to check on Nettlebounce's shocked expression every now and then*

Feathershine: :o

Butterfly: *dabs a happy tear* I think he can finally settle down now.

Every cat is silent for the next five minutes, waiting for Moth to finish.

Moth: I'm done! This is perfect! I've finally finished it! Thank you, Nettlebounce. *begins laughing uncontrollably*

Butterfly: Should we wait for him to stop?

Feathershine: I have no id—I mean, yes. Definitely. Er, it all gets better after the, uh, post-revelation laughing fit.

Petalpounce: -_- That's not a thing.

Moth's laughter ceases gradually, and he looks down at his drawing, eyes glowing with pride.

Butterfly: Honey, why don't you put the sketch pad away now?

Everyone's breath is held.

...

Moth: *beams* You know what? I think I might.

Silence.

Then, **Feathershine:** I DID IT! I DID IT! I CURED A PATIENT WITHOUT THAT USELESS MOTTLELEAF!

Petalpounce: *coughs* well, actually, it was just pure coincidence that my sister—

Butterfly: Well ain't you a fine young she-cat ;) Since your sister isn't interested, would you like to be set up with my son?

Nettlebounce: *bursts into laughter*

Petalpounce: *irately* Oh, *come on!* Why does no one get that I'm a tom?

Feathershine: That's because—

Petalpounce: *holds up a paw* No need to continue.

Written by Saph!

Chapter Twenty-Four

Mottledleaf bangs her paws on the table, getting the attention of her counselling group who were talking about a whole bunch of random, stupid crap.

Mottledleaf: Good morning everyone! Welcome to our very first group counselling session that has ever been held in this building. Now I know you're probably thinking, "Where's Feathershine? Isn't she the counselor?" and the answer would be yes, yes she is. But as you may know, she isn't exactly... the best at what she does. And besides, she isn't even on Earth as of the moment. She's teamed up with KGIS and she's currently on Mars with a few other pals on Mars on a little expedition, although I don't know why they chose her over someone like me? I'm a great therapist who actually knows what I'm doing, unlike that lunatic. and besides, I don't have a criminal record but that stupid cat does!

Icenose: whispering to her neighbor I think someone's a little salty...

Mottledleaf: BE QU- *clears throat* Sorry about that. Let us move onto our little presentation. *Clicks button on her presentation clicker*

The screen shows a light blue background with the words "Your Insecurities And You: How to conquer those mean thoughts inside your mind" written in a nice Philosopher font.

Mottledleaf: As you can see, this session will be all about how you can deal with your insecurities. We'll start off first with a quite popular insecurity, and that would be... *clicks button* unfair comparisons! Now this could be caused by a number of things, but it varies for each person. A good way to start changing the negative view on this subject is to start thinking positive thoughts about how you look, not negatives. This will help you move forward, not get stuck behind in the pool of negativity.

*Mumbles of agreement broke out across the room, so it was

probably safe for Mottled leaf to keep going, unlike the last time she did a group session at her old job, where there were riots an a lot of fire and knives. A very scary time it was for her.*

Mottledleaf: One way that you can prevent these unfair comparisons is to just stop. Stop following these people you look up to on social media, or stop hanging out or interacting with the people that you compare yourself to because it will only do you harm, and it won't help you at all in the future. Just think for a minuet before doing things that you might regret sometime down this bumpy road of life.

Mottledleaf: If this doesn't work for you, try and embrace the non-comparison. Instead of being really jealous because they get to do all of this cool, fun stuff and you can't, be happy for that person, or think to yourself "Wow, that's awesome! Maybe someday of I work hard enough, I'll get to do that!" In case you haven't figured what this part of our session is about, it's about unfair comparisons and staying on the happy path. Anyway, I promise that all of this stuff will help you in the future. Any questions? Ah, yes, Wolftoe.

Wolftoe: What if we can't think of happy things because our views are so jaded from some of things that have happened in the past?

Mottledleaf: Good question. We are actually going to cover bad past experiences later down on our path with this session, so I hope that that section will help you out when we come to it. Any others? What about you, Frostnose?

Frostnose: W-when will t-the next section of our group? Because I'd l-like to come again...

Mottledleaf: I don't have an exact date, but I will definitely e-mail you guys when I do get a date. Any more? Okay. Well, I guess that concludes this part of our session. I hope to see you guys next time! If you go out of this door instead of the front one, it's probably better and let's me stay at my job :D

Sorry for the more serious chapter. You probably wanted to see a funny chapter, but I hope this helped some people out. Sincerely, a Mystery Admin.

Chapter Twenty-Five

The scene opens to a surprisingly neat and organized office. Mottledleaf is busy sweeping some invisible dust from the floor, Nettlebounce is staring out through the window, lost in thought, and Sandstone is playing on her phone in a wheelie chair behind Feathershine, who is leaning back in her chair. Fireheart is, thankfully, nowhere to be seen.

Feathershine: *yawns* Hey, Nettlebounce. Can you order some pizza?

Nettlebounce: ....what did you say? Sorry, was deep in thought.

Feathershine: Pizza.

Nettlebounce: ...I shouldn't have needed to even ask. *picks up phone* Yeah, hi bro! Can we get some pizza? What? You already know what toppings-- it's for Feathershine. No, I am *not*going to get fat for eating all the pizza! I'm not even eating it! What do you mean, I already am?? Look, Petal, I'm already in a bad mood--!

Someone snorts at the word "Petal". Nettlebounce continues babbling into the phone.

Feathershine: Hey, Mottledleaf! Where's your grandpa?

Mottledleaf: Locked him in a closet.

Sandstone: *looks up from phone, amused* When is he coming out?

Mottledleaf: *sigh* Sandstone...

Sandstone: Ugh, fine.

Nettlebounce: Uh, *cough*, speaking of coming out...Oh look, a customer!

The bell rings, and Feathershine sits up a bit straighter, looking at the

video camera feed from the front. She frowns in confusion.

Feathershine: Uh, Sandstone? Hasn't this person been here before?

Sandstone: *looks up from phone* Hmm?

Feathershine: Never mind.

Mossbreeze: Uh, hello-- *freezes, seeing Nettlebounce* uh wehnddgkfljnuidkcvnghdjhsuixk...

Nettlebounce: .....fmfjd

Feathershine: *quickly comes to the front* Uh, so, what's your problem? *glances uneasily between Mossbreeze and Nettlebounce*

Mottledleaf: Isn't it obvious? They clearly--

Feathershine: *throws a mop into Mottledleaf's mouth* So, how can I help you today?

Mossbreeze: *tears gaze away from Nettlebounce, speaks in a dazed voice* Uh...I think I'm gay...

Feathershine: Uh-huh. I see. And who's the lucky she-cat?

Nettlebounce: *blubbering* Uh uh huh huh uh huh uh

Mossbreeze: *points tail at Nettlebounce soundlessly*

Nettlebounce: WHAT?
Yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyes...

Feathershine: Lovely. Um, what can I do?

Mossbreeze: Uhhhhhhh *turns to look at Nettlebounce again* I mean I kinda just came to see her--

Feathershine: I've got it! *squishes their faces together*

They struggle for about two heartbeats, then stop.

Petalpounce: I've got your stupid pizza, Nettle-- WHAT IN THE

NAME OF STARCLAN IS GOING ON?? *drops pizza boxes*

Mossbreeze and Nettlebounce break apart quickly.

Feathershine: Don't ruin the pizza! *snatches up*

Petalpounce: Is there something you'd like to tell your brother??

Nettlebounce: uhhhhh I like girls?

Petalpounce: ...a little advance warning would have been nice...

Nettlebounce: Heeeeeey, bro. When are you gonna ask Slashscar out?

Petalpounce: W-w-w-w-w-w-whaaaaaaaat? I have no idea what you're talking about...

Nettlebounce: Suuuuure... Feathershine, I'm taking a break. Mossbreeze, wanna go get some lunch?

Mossbreeze: O-of course!

They leave, the door ringing merrily behind them.

Mottledleaf: ...well then...

Fireheart: WHY AM I IN A CLOSET?? I'M COMING OUT, AND YOU'RE GONNA GET IT, MOTTLEDLEAF, FOR LOCKING UP THE LEADER OF THUNDERCLAN...

Sandstone: *snorts*

Mottledleaf: .....I should.....go get him....

Feathershine: PETALPOUNCE, WHY IS THERE PEPPERONI ON THIS PIZZA?????

by Ember ^~^

Chapter Twenty-Six

Sandstone: For the last time Fireheart, I haven't nor will ever have kits with you!

Fireheart: We had two beautiful kits named Leafpool and Squirrelflight! Don't you remember?! And for the last time, it's Fire*star*.

Sandstone: No Fireheart, that never happened.

Fireheart: Yes it did!

Sandstone: I'm done! Feathershine! You talk to this crazy old hag.

Feathershine: Will do~

Fireheart: You can't escape the truth!

Feathershine: Now Fireheart, none of what you're saying *ever* happened.

Fireheart: *lays on the floor and throws a tantrum* Yes it did! Yes it did!

Feathershine: No it didn't

Doorbell rings

Petalpounce: Pizza delivery~

Feathershine: Pizzaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! *runs to the door and opens it*

Petalpounce: That will be twenty dollars!

Feathershine: As if I were to pay you! Mottledleaf! Pay for the pizza!

Mottledleaf: Fine, here's twenty dollars.

Nettlebounce: Ha! Did your last pizza place fire you Petalpounce?!

Petalpounce: For the last time, they didn't Nettlebounce.

Nettlebounce: Then why are you wearing that ridiculous outfit?

Petalpounce: Whatever, I'm going.

Feathershine: Hey, Fireheart, want some pizza?

Slashscar: I, being the she-cat I am would like a slice of pizza!

Feathershine: Whatever dude, here's a slice.

Slashscar: How DARE you call me *dude.* For your information, I am a she-cat!

Feathershine: Just take a slice of pizza and go!

Slashscar: I will!

Fireheart: My name is Fire*star*! Get it right!

Feathershine: And my name is Featherwish but not all of us can get what we wish for.

Fireheart: I'm going to my room!

Mottledleaf: Come on Feathershine, that's two cats in one day.

Feathershine: I'm the therapist here! I know exactly what I'm doing!

Mottledleaf: I'm sure.

Feathershine: FIGHT ME!

Mottledleaf: I think I'm good, you can go fight Nettlebounce over there, she told me that you were fat.

Feathershine: NETTLEBOUNCE, YOU WANNA GO BRO!?

~Dusky

Chapter Twenty-Seven

A half-moon glowed on smooth "granite" IKEA desks, turning them silver. The silence was broken only by the bubble of water from the dispenser with those little plastic cups, and the whisper of trees in the street outside.

There was a stirring in the shadows, and from all around lithe dark shapes crept stealthily under the desks. Unsheathed claws glinted in the moonlight. Wary eyes flashed like amber. And then, as if on a silent signal, the creatures leaped at each other, and suddenly the office was alive with wrestling, screeching cats.

At the center of the frenzy of fur and claws, a thick-furred brown tabby pinned a lithe tortoiseshell to the ground and drew up her head triumphantly. "Mottledleaf!" the tabby growled. "How dare you order Hawaiian pizza? Pineapple on pizza is blasphemy against all that is right in this world!"

"After tonight, Feathershine, pineapple will grace every pizza to enter this office!" the tortoiseshell she-cat spat back.

A warning yowl came from the door, shrill and anxious. "Look out! More pro-pineapple warriors are coming!"

Feathershine turned to see masses of cats pushing their way through the door and the windows, breaking the anti-pineapple line of defence. The pro-pineapple warriors bounded silently up the stairs and hurled themselves into battle without even stopping to fix their ruffled fur.

The fluffy tabby glared down at Mottledleaf. "You may have a majority on your side, but pineapple and pizza will never belong together!" She drew back her lips and showed her teeth as the cat struggled beneath her.

The desperate scream of an anti-pineapple she-cat rose above the clamor. A wiry pro-pineapple tom had pinned the cream tabby

warrior flat on her belly. Now he lunged toward her neck with pineapple juice and tomato base still rubbed into the fur under his jaw

Feathershine heard the cry and let go of Mottledleaf. With a somewhat-feeble-but-not-ineffective leap, she knocked the enemy warrior away from the she-cat. "Quick, Sandstone, run!" she ordered, before turning on the pro-pineapple tom who had threatened her. Sandstone scrambled to her paws, wincing from a deep gash on her shoulder, and raced away.

Behind her, Feathershine spat with rage as the pro-pineapple tom sliced open her nose. Blood blinded her for an instant, but she lunged forward regardless and sank her teeth into the hind leg of her enemy. The pro-pineapple cat squealed and struggled free.

"Feathershine!" The yowl came from a warrior whose gender Feathershine could never really determine. "This is useless! There are too many pro-pineapple warriors!"

"No, Petalpounce. We will never be beaten - they will never be right!" Feathershine yowled back, leaping to Petalpounce's side. "Pineapple and pizza is just wrong!" Blood was welling around her muzzle, and she shook her head impatiently, scattering scarlet drops onto the desk.

"The anti-pineapple warriors will honor your courage, Feathershine, but we cannot afford to lose any more of our warriors," Petalpounce urged. "Nettlebounce would never expect her warriors to fight against these impossible odds. We will have another chance to avenge this defeat." He met Feathershine's yellow-eyed gaze steadily, then reared away and sprang onto a light fitting at the edge of the room.

"Retreat, anti-pineapple warriors! Retreat!" he yowled. At once his warriors squirmed and struggled away from their opponents. Spitting and snarling, they backed toward Petalpounce. For a heartbeat, the pro-pineapple cats looked confused. Was this battle so easily won? Then Mottledleaf yowled a jubilant cry. As soon as they heard her, the pro-pineapple warriors raised their voices and joined their leader in caterwauling their victory, opening their

boxes of pizza, letting the sweet scent of warm pineapple fill the room.

Petalpounce looked down at his warriors. With a flick of his tail, he gave the signal and the anti-pineapple cats dived down the far side of the office, then disappeared down the stairs.

Feathershine followed last. She hesitated at the top of the staircase and glanced back at the bloodstained battlefield. Her face was grim, her eyes furious slits. Then she leaped after her fellow warriors into the street outside, to order pizza out of their own pockets, rather than the office's pizza budget.

This slightly unorthodox chapter was written by Leafyyyy
(pineapple on pizza is the best, fight me)

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Feathershine: EYYYYYYYYY IT'S LABOUR DAYYYYYYYY

Mottledleaf: Is it?

Feathershine: *flicks an ear absentmindedly towards Mottledleaf* YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE —

Nettlebounce *yells from the front desk* Then why are you here?

Feathershine: I forgot my pizza. My pizza, my beautiful pineapple-free—

Mottledleaf: STOP. RIGHT. THERE. DON'T GET ME STARTED ON —

Feathershine: WELL, I'M THE BOSS HERE SO I DECIDE, AND *MY* WORD IS LAW. AND I SAY THAT PINEAPPLES ARE FREAKING DISGUSTING. A DISGRACE TO THE ALREADY PERFECT ROUND FACE OF THE PIZZA.

Mottledleaf: *takes deep, calming breaths while preparing for a yelling match*

Petalpounce: *pops head around open door* Is it safe to come in?

Nettlebounce: Yes, *teasing tone* *sister!*

Petalpounce: *scowls* Shut up! Wait, it's labour day. I'm getting paid double for working today. Why are you lot all here?

Feathershine: I came here from home for my pizza. I order pizza daily for the office. I was hoping I'd be the only one so I could enjoy my delicious meat-lovers *pineapple-free* pizza in *piece.* HAHAHA PUN INTEN—

Mottledleaf: *just hyperventilating at this point*

Petalpounce: Why don't we just all calm down and enjoy both a vegetarian pizza from Domino's?

Feathershine: *head snaps to Petalpounce*

Mottleleaf: *ditto*

Feather-leaf: What. Did you just say?

Petalpounce: *immensely scared but also confused as to what had been said wrong* Um, I s-said that why don't we—

Mottleleaf: *stolidly interrupts* Did you just say that we should all calm down and enjoy *vegetarian* pizza?

Nettlebounce: *crawls under front desk and peers anxiously from the bottom*

Petalpounce: *sweating* Y-yes! I've gone vegetarian recently. W-why don't you two just give it a little try? I-It's actually quite goo—

Feathershine: *screeches in disgust* YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT WE SHOULD ACTUALLY PHYSICALLY TOUCH THAT REVOLTING, MONSTROUS CREATION OF SATAN?

Mottleleaf: NOT JUST TOUCH, BUT EAT? INGEST IT? LET IT FLOW DOWN MY THROAT AND ESOPHAGUS? LET IT LIE IN MY STOMACH? LET IT THEN REMOVE ITSELF THROUGH—

Sandstone: *stirs from sleep just in time and mumbles groggily* It's tolerable if you swallow it down fast enough with a few leaves of catmint.

Feathershine: Why don't you fall back asleep before I make your sleep eternal?

Sandstone: *blinks rapidly before squeezing eyes shut and visibly speed-whispering a prayer to StarClan under breath*

Nettlebounce: *quiet from under the table, discreetly eating a

piece of pepperoni pizza, the only pizza left aside from the one vegetarian option*

Mottleleaf: I need an explanation. A really good one, in fact, of why you think that Devil's creation is acceptable to exist?

Petalpounce: *shakily laughing from crippling anxiety and fear* W-well, t-the mushrooms are pretty good... you know. Fungi. Feet and all that. You like eating feet, d-don't you? I saw y-you order a couple a' moose—I MEAN MOUSE—feet at that restaurant *Catmint* a-a- while a-ago.

Feathershine: You're hopeless. I shall talk to your manager after this and make sure you'll never get to deliver pizza again. Or speech. Or cognitive ability. Or bodily functions.

Nettlebounce: *slowly chews last bite of pepperoni*

Petalpounce: *nearly pees himself in fright*

Mottledleaf: *screams at Petalpounce* NOW WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? LEAVE NOW AND NEVER COME BACK! DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU AND YOUR VEGETARIAN FIDDLE FADDLE AGAIN! NEVER DEFY THE LAWS OF NATURE! WE ARE WILD CATS! FREE AND PROUD! NONE OF THAT *throws vegetarian pizza at Petalpounce's face* BLASPHEMY IS ALLOWED! GO ELSEWHERE TO GATHER YOUR CULT MEMBERS!

Petalpounce: *leaves a trail of cat piss as he dashes off, a mushroom remnant lying precariously on the tip of his nose*

Written by Saph!

Chapter Twenty-Nine

It's a quiet day at the counseling office. Feathershine is painting her claws an ugly orange, Mottledleaf is reading a textbook quietly in a corner, mop at her side - she's ready to clean up Feathershine's spilled polish -, and Fireheart is muttering about foxes in another corner, rocking back and forth.

Feathershine: *presses her call button.* Order me five bottles of Fanta from the pizza place, please!

Nettlebounce: *presses her own button; her voice comes through crackly.* What? I can't *sdhsdhsdhs* hear *shdshdshds.*

Feathershine: *hollers* I SAID ORDER ME FIVE BOTTLES OF FANTA

Nettlebounce: *shouts back.* FIVE BOTTLES OF SANTA? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

Feathershine: I SAID FANTA!

Nettlebounce: GOT IT! I'LL GET YOU FIVE BANDANNAS!

Feathershine: NO! FANTA! WHY WOULD I GET BOTTLES OF BANDANNAS?

Nettlebounce: *to herself* I give up. I'll just get some Fanta from the pizza place to cheer her up.

Mottledleaf: *groans* That means I'm going to have to be cleaning orange out of the carpet, plus the orange from her stupid nail polish *sets down her textbook.* I might as well get started now.

Mottledleaf gets up and drags her mop bucket down to Feathershine's office. She knocks gently.

Feathershine: *drops her bottle of nail polish on the floor, ignoring

that it splatters everywhere.* What do you want?

Mottledleaf: Here to clean the mess you just made. *sighs deeply.*

Feathershine: *scoffs.* Yeah, yeah. *rolls away from the spillage in her chair and starts clacking away on her computer.*

Mottledleaf: *starts to mop over the stain and throws out the bottle.*

Meanwhile, Nettlebounce has dialed the pizza place and is sitting on hold.

Nettlebounce: *grumbles.* I hate the hold music. So boring.

Petalpounce: *picks up the phone.* This is Petalpounce, how can I help you?

Nettlebounce: Oh hey, bro. Can I get five bottles of Fanta real quick? ASAP. Feathershine is grumpy.

Feathershine: *from her office.* AM NOT.

Nettlebounce: Ignore her.

Petalpounce: Done. And by the way... have you seen Slashscar recently?

Nettlebounce: No. Just send the soda. Please. I'm begging. I think Feathershine is banging her head against the wall.

Petalpounce: *grumbles.* Fine.

A few minutes later, Petalpounce skips in carrying a large bag containing three bottles of Fanta.

Petalpounce: *calls out.* Hello? Is anyone here?

Meanwhile..

Feathershine: Want... *bang* more... *bang* soda.

Nettlebounce: *hopelessly.* She's crazy. She officially is crazy.

Mottledleaf: *heaves a dramatic sigh.* Guess I'll have to take over.

Petalpounce: *wanders into the room.* H-hello?

Feathershine: *perks up.* Soda! Finally! *takes the bag from him.* Now get lost or I'll slam *your* head into the wall.

Nettlebounce: I'll pay you later.

Petalpounce: *scurries out.*

Nettlebounce: **hrrumphs** That's it, Feathershine. You're too stressed. I'm ordering you, as the owner of 51% of the Feathershine Counseling and Co stock, to take a break.

Mottledleaf: Stressed? She doesn't even do anything!

Nettlebounce: *turns sharply toward the she-cat.* I am *this* close to firing you. Get out of here and go clean something!

Mottledleaf: *runs out before Nettlebounce can get more angry.*

Feathershine: *sniffling.* What's gotten into you?

Nettlebounce: I'm pregnant. Going to have four kittens by the end of next moon. *shrugs.* Guess my parenting instincts are kicking in.

by rio

Chapter Thirty

Ever since Feathershine took a week-long break as suggested by Nettlebounce, the office of Feasthershine Counseling and Co. had become quieter than usual. And seeing the peace and quiet from Feasthershine's absence inspired Mottledleaf to continue the counseling business...with very different results...

Nettlebounce: Finally we have some peace and quiet! It's been days since we kicked Feathershine out of this place and yet, I feel so much better...and my counseling has been making every cat's lives better!

Mottledleaf: *screeches from the other side of the room* What are you talking about?!? I'm the one who's actually putting in the work here!

Nettlebounce: Oh, yeah? Name one instance where you actually helped.

Mottledleaf: I counseled my grandfather, Fireheart to forget about Sandstone and find another cat. In no time, I'll have him completely restored to his former self...whoever that was.

Nettlebounce: Pft, and who can testify to that?

Sandstone: I can!

Before Nettlebounce can argue further, the doorbell starts ringing.

Nettlebounce: Ooh, our first customer of the day and our third one of the week! I'll bring him or her to you, Mottledleaf.

Mottledleaf: But you just said I didn't--

[image]

The appearance of a gray tabby stops Mottledleaf from going further.

His gray eyes land on the tortoiseshell before swishing over to meet Nettlebounce's golden gaze.

Nettlebounce: Hey, were you the cat that scheduled the appointment with us?

???: I am.

Nettlebounce: *puts on a forced smile* Great, it's nice to meet you Slatefoot! Just follow Mottledleaf and you'll be all set. I just need to order some pizza from my brother!

The brown furred she-cat made a shooing motion with her paws and Mottledleaf swished her tail, gesturing for Slatefoot to follow her.

After arriving in Feathershine's office, Mottledleaf motioned for Slatefoot to sit.

Mottledleaf: What do you need help with?

Slatefoot: I'm starting to lose my appetite these days.

Mottledleaf makes a subtle motion to Sandstone and the intern starts recording Slatefoot's words.

Slatefoot: I don't really know why either. I just feel sad and I've also lost a lot of weight too.

Mottledleaf: How much do you weigh?

Slatefoot: I'm like, 6 and a half pounds. I wouldn't know better but my housefolk used to say I was always underweight. You know, before I left them.

Mottledleaf: Hmm...

Slatefoot: I know this is hard. Nobody else I went to could help. Since I'm not a kittypet anymore, I can't just visit the twoleg doctors. And the healers don't know what's wrong with me either.

Mottledleaf: Not to worry, Slatefoot! I'll have you fixed in no time!

Slatefoot: R-really?

Mottledleaf: Some hypnotism will do the trick. As well as a good diet plan that you have probably tried already and some new prescriptions you can take to your local healer.

Slatefoot: Is hypnotism that safe? Like, I heard some rumors from--

Mottledleaf: Well, if all the healers failed you, this may be your last resort.

Slatefoot: Alright, I'll do anything! I just want to help my clan but I'm starting to feel like a burden.

Mottledleaf and Sandstone start setting up, giving Slatefoot a more comfortable chair as they extinguished the lights until nothing but candles and the shaded windows were left.

Mottledleaf: Close your eyes, Slatefoot. Good, now get rid of all your thoughts and stress.

Slatefoot: I...can't.

Mottledleaf: Do not worry, just listen to the sound of my voice. Imagine those thoughts as raindrops and drown them out until you hear nothing but the sound of quiet rain.

Slatefoot's face starts appearing more relaxed. Mottledleaf begins speaking in a quieter and steadier tone. Slatefoot cannot pick out all of the words.

Mottledleaf: Sleep...and when you wake up, you will finally be out of this nightmare.

The tortoiseshell nods to Sandstone, who's quiet pawsteps trail away until she appears with something else--a syringe. Mottledleaf gives Sandstone another nod as she begins speaking.

Mottledleaf: Do not be afraid, you are free. You are free from the tyranny of your difficulties, free to serve your clan once more.

Sandstone plunges the syringe in. Slatefoot twists but stays still.

Sandstone leaves as Slatefoot slumps to the side, Mottledleaf's face filled with satisfaction as she watches Slatefoot. After several heartbeats, she stands up and leaves.

By Legend~